Slaves and Masters

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by marynn_kokoelma

Summary

Hannibal need a slave to help him increase in influence in high society circles.

Buying a slave was not his fashion, but if he wanted to fit in this society and blend in he must have at least one. Coming from eastern Europe had put Hannibal on the side of society several times in the past and he was trying to blend in more easily. The reason behind his desire to gain influence in the American society was very simple, destroying it from the inside. He still remembered the end of the war when the Americans had come, they were full of hope but it had soon decay. They were just another occupation force, yes, they had managed to free them of the Russians but only to take their places. They had taken the Omega into slavery, bride healthy Alpha to establish a parody of democracy. It was not any more the Lithuania of his young so he had flown at the first occasion.

The slave market was trying to give the picture of a nice place, it was clean, chic and full of extra such as waitress and free canapé. Most of the slaves on display were well feed and clean, but no matter the treatment they received and no matter how much they were told to behave, none had a spark of joy in their eyes, they were all forced to be here and it was obvious. They were all trying their best to sell their self, probably not by pleasure but more likely in hope for something better. One particular slave was not trying as hard as the other, he had not once try to make eye contact with Hannibal. Reading the small catalogue, Hannibal learned that the man was named Will, that he was in his middle twenties, an history of disobedience and that he was an Omega. The man was not cheap and he was probably not a good fit for a first slave, but he was the only one on the room to have catch the eyes of Hannibal, so he bought him

The drive home had been silent, Will clearly not please to be here and Hannibal not bothering into a useless conversation. He leaded Will to the main room and offered him a sit: “There is a bedroom on the first floor, second door to the felt, it’s all yours. Do whatever you want in it. The first one is mine so I will ask you to stay out of it.” He only obtained a nod from Will, which he supposed is good enough. “Tomorrow we will go shopping, you can’t stay on those clothes” he added.

The start of the night was clear and calm as Hannibal was working on his later catch on the kitchen. He was putting a thin slice of liver in the freezer when he heard the faint crack of the stair-wood and smelled the natural odour of Will. “Will, can you please not try to get out and come here?” he could hear the stop in Will’s walk while saying it and then the shift in his direction. In few seconds, Will was at the door, fully dressed and ready to take off. His face was not the one of a pleased man, clearly unhappy to have been caught. The room stayed silent a moment before Will break it: “What do you what from me?”. Hannibal smiled while putting another slice in a zip bag: “I need you to play your part, at least in public, to help me bring down some old friends.”

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